

THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

THE POWERS NOT DELEGATED TO THE UNITED STATES BY THE CONSTITUTION, NOR PROHIBITED BY IT TO THE STATES, ARE RESERVED TO THE STATES SEVERALLY, OR TO THE PEOPLE.—Amendments to the Constitution, Article X.—

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Miscellaneous.

From the London Court Gazette.

AN ADVENTURE OF CHARLES II.

There is not in the British Isles a fairer valley than the Vale of Dolgelley, nor one that combines sweetness and magnificence in such perfect and varied beauty. Its green banks slope verdantly to the river side, fringed with trees and watered by sparkling streamlets; higher up, Cader-Idris and a chain of lesser mountains point their grey summits, bold and bare, to the sky. Snowdon peeps through many a vista—and half-way down the valley there is a beautiful meeting of the waters of two clear rivers, that, uniting in a lake-like stream, glide smoothly on to the Irish sea. Thick woods, noble country seats, and smiling cottages, sheltered and shadowed by many a sunny hill, blend their beauty with the dark rock, and scathed pine, and the healthy mountain side, while the ever changing light and shadow, the varied colors, and the light haze resting on the park, or floating dreamily in the very centre of the valley, present a picture which few who have gazed upon will forget, or scruple to affirm with us, that among the hundred valleys of our happy Isles, there is not a nobler or a fairer one than the Vale of Dolgelley. And when the Royal eye of her who rules them glances over our pages, she will not fail to remember the sweet summer's evening when, straying by the romantic shores of Bosworth, she has seen the dark cloud-like peak of Snowdon, as it rose far in the distance, over the quiet waters of the bay. And long on those shores will she be remembered as the village maiden that dropped a curse, and the gray-haired man that made his humble reverence to the lovely girl, the future Queen of England, and whose simple hearts were gladdened by her smile, often point out the spots she visited, the mossy stone she sat upon, and the scenery with which she was pleased and familiar, when, far from the splendor of courts, she dwelt among the quiet glades of their mountain land.

Such, indeed, is the Vale of Dolgelley when the sun is shining on its waters, and brightening the verdure of its banks, but when the storm sweeps from the hills, and to the darkness of night is added the gloomy shadow of the mountain—when every stream becomes a torrent, and mingles its roar with the howls of the blast; when the vapory clouds hang in blackness, and shroud not only the stars, but the twinkling cottage light, there are few places which create such feelings of dreariness and desolation.

It was even in such a night that a single horseman urged his strong black steed along the rough pathway that formed the mountain pass—now clattering upon the smooth rock—now snorting and plunging up to the middle girth in the splashing stream; and again, aided and urging hand and spur, toiling up the rugged bank, and then bounding forward with unabated vigor over the broken heath in the direction of the more level country that stretched to the plains of Shropshire.

"What, ho! sir stranger!" cried a deep-toned voice, as the stout steed extricated himself by a violent effort from a swamp, was again moving forward.

"What, ho! sir stranger, whither so fast?" repeated the voice, as three men well mounted issued from the shadow of some scattered trees, and joined the traveller, who at the second challenge reined up his steed, and laid his hand upon his holster.

"Who be ye that enquire?" he demanded, "I have small time or pleasure to answer such greetings that bode me hindrance."

The party who addressed him gave a loud laugh. "By Becket's bones, fair sir, ye speak as though it were a matter of thine own choice to answer us or no."

"Ay, marry, and so it is. Nay friend, handle my bridle," said the horseman drawing a pistol from his saddle.

"Hold, hold!" cried the other speaker, "an ye be wise, trifle not with such trifles as these.—Put up thy pistol and thou shalt know thy company."

"Nay, by Heaven, it were more fitting that I knew my company ere I parted with my weapons. Trust me, I have right good will to use them, were it but to repay thee for thy sauciness."

"By my faith I doubt it not, for thou seemest a cock of game. But thou art in better company than thou couldst have bargained for. Here at my side rides the worthy and worshipped Obadiah Strong in faith, Captain of certain pious dragoons in the service of the state; and to his left is the devout Zacharias Trust-in-good-works, an officer in the main troop, marvellous and edifying disputant as thou mayest have an opportunity of hearing."

"For myself, I am known by the name of Richard Scamp-grace, and am an officer in the army of the Parliament. Now who or what art thou in the devil's name?"

"A soldier of fortune and an adherent to the king,"

"A long haired Cavalier—be it so, and whether art thou bound?"

"To the castle of Sir David Tudor."

"That thou canst not reach to-night; you have many a long mile to ride, and your steed pants and moves but dully. What say ye to passing the night at your hostelry where ye are the light?"

The other paused ere he replied, and as he hesitated one of his companions wheeled from the left, a moment that passed not unobserved by the cavalier, and with some what wary grace, he declared his willingness to visit the hostelry.

It was a long low building, strongly formed of rough unadorned stone. Its porch had loop holes for musketry—its windows were protected by strong bars of iron—an angry streamlet gushing over loose and broken stones, which it had torn from the mountain above, formed a deep moat round the building, and to add to its martial character, the party had no sooner crossed a rustic bridge than they were challenged by a guard of soldiers. The cavalier at this could not conceal his uneasiness.

"By our lady! comrades of mine," said he, "ye have brought me into a fortalice instead of a hostelry."

"It is in truth somewhat of both, and as occasion requires, serves for either; but that little recketh, thou shalt find good entertainment, and thy steed shall be cared for."

It was now too late to retreat, and the cavalier dismounting, and giving his horse to the groom, entered the building followed by his companions. A large fire was blazing on the hearth, huge waxen tapers stood upon the board, and the drowsy soldiers that occupied the benches glanced furtively at the cavalier. The light showed him to be a young man of middle age, but strongly and gracefully built; his features were plain, but animated by a keen and bright eye that told of the gallant recklessness of the royal adherent, and his long raven hair sparkling with night dew as it curled over his shoulders, added a grace and beauty to his whole appearance. He had no sooner seated himself than Scamp-grace again addressed him—"Sir Cavalier," "you must even give us your papers and arms, but when Major Holdenburgh returns, and is satisfied with thee and thine errand in the morning thou mayst depart without further questions."

"By St. George of England?" said the cavalier starting to his feet, "this is but childish courtesy, ye have invited me hither, and now—"

"Small words will suffice," replied the other, "we have orders to guard the mountain passes, and to arrest all suspicious persons. No give up the papers and weapons at once, and save us the trouble of taking them by rougher means."

The eyes of the cavalier flashed with anger at the cool determined manner of the roundhead, and he seemed as if disposed forcibly to effect his retreat; but a moment's reflection showed him the madness of such an attempt, and unbuckling his belt, he flung his sword on the table, threw down his pistols, and declaring he had no papers to submit, gloomily resumed his seat.

There was something in the air of the youth that repelled closer communication with his captors, and made them reluctant—they knew not why—to come to extremities; they forbore, therefore, to search for his hands on him, but in a more respectful tone, invited him to partake of the cheer which had just been laid on the board. The cavalier willingly complied; and while the soldiers were thus engaged, he took the opportunity of glancing carefully around the room, to examine the features of his entertainers. These, however, presented no peculiar marks, beyond the usual dullness and gravity which characterized Cromwell's troops and he was giving up the scrutiny satisfied with the result, when his eyes were arrested by the piercing glance of a soldier, who, wrapped in his cloak, and seated at a distant corner, had unobserved, been regarding him for some time, with fixed attention. Just at that instant the door opened, and a beautiful girl entered with a fresh supply of wine. The soldier quickly removed his eyes from the cavalier, and looked eagerly towards the maiden as she approached the table.

"Ah!" cried Scamp-grace, "here comes the daughter of our host, fair Ellen Wynne, and I warrant for no object, but to see the young Cavalier; for well I wot, Ellen thou comest but rarely amongst us."

She blushed at the words, and the cavalier dashing his heavy locks from his brow, gazed with admiration on the maiden before him. Long tresses of auburn fell in silken luxuriance over her right bosom—her hazel eyes brightened with her smile, the lurking sweetness of which played around her lips that parting, showed teeth of pearly whiteness—her light and graceful figure—the lawn-like timidity of her approach, and the look of interest which she gave the young stranger, might have aroused the attention of a more apathetic gallant than he.

"By mine honor, comrade," cried he, "you spoke well in saying that the daughter of our host was fair. Wilt thou pledge me, pretty maiden?—for on a soldier's word, I have never had such a cup-bearer before."

The maiden touched the goblet with her lips, and the youth, raising it in his hand exclaimed—"I drink to thee, fair Ellen, and good, lead, and true may he be who kneels at the altar with such a bride." Then draining the cup, threw it down.

"Thou wilt not refuse a knightly boon nor courtesy," added he rising from his seat and drawing a sparkling ring from his finger, which he placed on that of the blushing girl—and then, with the customary gallantry of the times drew her towards him and kissed her cheek. But he had whispered something in Ellen's ear that drove the blood from her face and she stood as if petrified. Her eye glanced wildly around the room until it met the keen look of the dark soldier in the corner; the blood again rushed over her cheek and brow, and she hastily glided from the apartment.

The din of revelry was over in the hostelry—the soldiers slumbered on the benches—and the prisoner sat alone in the narrow chamber in which his humble pallet had been spread. The dull tread of the guard, the howl of the blast, and the roar of the mountain torrent, fell obdurate on his ear, the sickly flame of the lamp seemed like the waning of hope, and the loneliness of the hour added melancholy to his musings.

"Fool that I was," he exclaimed, "to have left the open heath for this paltry prison house, where I am at the mercy of deadliest enemies. Would to God I had my good steed once more under me, and the sword in my grasp those pickered dogs would hardly again dare enter their lair. Fool! fool! that I was," he repeated, as chafing like a caged lion, he hurriedly paced the apartment. A light step was heard approaching—the cavalier suddenly paused—immediately the door of his apartment was cautiously opened, and Ellen Wynne, pale and agitated and bearing a small lamp glided noiselessly to his side. Her long hair hung dishevelled over her leaving bosom—her eyes glist-

ening with tears, and her hand trembled as she placed the lamp upon the hearth.

"My fair Ellen," cried the cavalier, a flush of joy brightening his features, "I knew thou wouldst not betray me."

"Betray thee!" cried the maiden, clasping her hands, "never! never! but alas! to aid thee exceeds my power."

"Say not so," replied the cavalier, "the eyes my pretty Ellen, that can also break hearts, can also undo iron bars. Is there no soldier of the guard that calls himself the lover of Ellen Wynne?"

The maiden blushed at the question, but answered without hesitation—"There is even such an one, but him I dare not trust; and yet," continued she in a musing tone, "there was a time when right blithely I would have trusted Ralph Lloyd, he is altered now. He took the banners of Sir David Tudor to join the army of Cromwell; and if he knew the rank of his prisoner, the reward they have put upon your head would tempt him to betray you."

"And wherefore did he change his party, and why may he not be true?" Do not still love the soldier, Ellen?"

"Love him! no, no! I never loved Ralph Lloyd; but there is one who would not betray thee," cried the lady with enthusiasm—"one who would die sooner."

"And who, or where is he?" said the cavalier smiling.

"Alas!" said Ellen in a tone of despondency, "he is far from here, and it would go hard with him if he fell into the hand of the troops of Cromwell. But I have sent a messenger to him, and were you beyond these walls, you would find Edgar Vaughan, and a true and trusty escort."

"I shall have small need of his services if I escape ere Major Holdenburgh arrives, to whom I cannot be unknown. 'Sdeath, Ellen, couldst thou procure me a brand, I would even—"

Here a suppressed scream from the maiden caused the cavalier to pause, and turning to the door, he perceived the dark look of the soldier, who at supper had so closely watched him, fixed sootily and steadily upon the maiden and himself. At that instant the sound of advancing horsemen was heard. "They come! they come!" cried Ellen in terror, grasping with both hands the arm of the cavalier. Then turning to the soldier—"Ralph, Ralph!" she cried in an imploring tone, "you betray your King?"

"Ha!" cried the soldier, in a voice of exultation, "it is even as I thought." But as he spoke, the royal prisoner sprang suddenly upon him, wrested his dagger from his hand, and held it gleaming before his eyes, exclaiming, "One word, miscreant, and thou diest!"

"The King! the King!" shouted the struggling soldier, extracting his arm and drawing a pistol from his belt; but his active antagonist on the instant struck his dagger in his throat, and hurled him down the narrow staircase.

"The King! the King!" echoed again the horsemen without, as the clashing of arms was followed by the ring of a pool of musketry; and ere his single left the ear, a loud voice was heard to cry, "Surrender to the soldiers of King Charles!"

"Is he!" cried Ellen, starting up with a sudden animation from the drooping into which she had sunk with terror, "is Edgar?"

"Surrender, dogs of Cromwell!" shouted the same voice, as the pike-butts of the horsemen thundered at the door.

It was soon burst open. Startled, weakened and dispirited, the assailed offered but feeble resistance, and yielded themselves prisoners to the adherents of the King. But they sought not thus to profit by the surrender. Rushing in, Edgar Vaughan caught Ellen in his arms; then recognizing the King, doling his bonnet and bowing his knee, he exclaimed, "Mount, mount, my liege! The paces are best, and the beacons are burning on the hills of Shropshire and Montgomery."

It was no time for parley. A stout steed was ready at the door;—and young Edgar, hurriedly whispering to Ellen, once more embraced her, and then led the way for his Royal Master.

"Good betide thee, fair Ellen," cried the King, "and God speed the day that brings me power to requite thy kindness." Then springing to the saddle, the horse hoofs of the little party clattered for an instant on the rocky pathway and then died away on the distant heath.

Ten summers had smiled on the mountain valley of Merioneth, and where had stood the humble hostelry was reared a baronial hall. It has long since passed away, and there remains not even a ruin to tell where it stood; but its founder and its fair dame are not to be forgotten, and many a proud family can boast descent from Sir Edgar Vaughan and Ellen Wynne.

News Making.—Can any thing, dead or alive, more pitiable be conceived, than a jaded scribbler for the public press—sitting down to his task at the last moment, with an aching head and an empty stomach—or vice versa, which is exactly the same in effect. Imagine the forlorn drudge's sensation, as he doggedly lifts the quill stump and moves it instinctively towards that fountain of good and evil, the ink pot, surcharged with both the gall of bitterness and the honey of adulation. He is destitute of a topic; his over-wrought brain has exhausted its stock of images, and he can fancy nothing but the ghost of an idea already hackneyed through all the changes of the alphabet—no subject that has not been hackneyed to death by the hungry editors of borrowings and imitations. Yet must he continue to feed the iron jaws of the press? There is no release from the undertaking. He is in for it, and sterile or fertile, fasting or starving, his imagination must be wrung daily, yea hourly, for wherewithal to meet the merciless demands of the demon at his elbow.

Other men may eat, drink, and sleep; may live, move, and have a being like decent creatures; the merchant may relax in time of sickness, or retire at seasons of enjoyment; the mechanic may forego a job when he breaks a limb, or chooses to go to a fishing; the farmer may work, or let it alone; and the mariner has frequent intermission amidst the toils and the storms of his career, and the world wags on without confusion, nevertheless, they only comparatively feel the consequences. Not so with the slaves of types. For him there is no holiday. No repose, no retreat await his tired powers.—When he skulks, the world comes to and end, and chaos riots!

Not is it merely indispensable that he shall labor at brief and stated intervals—the most irksome sort of employment, from its very constancy and regularity, and unceasing recurrence, he must also put forth his efforts at something new. The reading public has become a spoiled child, with a depraved appetite, perpetually hankering after novelties, monstrosities and impossibilities. In the fabrication of these crudities for quiddance, a renewal of intellect, once a year at least, should be provided for. There is an end even to "the spider's most attenuated thread;" and what maker of long yarns can be required, in reason, not only to spin out like a spider, the substances of his body, but that of his brain also! Truly this is a cruel world; and the man that meddles with paragraphs, a miserable piece of carcass machinery.—Buckingham.

"WHERE DID HE GET THAT LAW?"

In a neat and beautiful city, in one of the Northern States, lived a lawyer of eminence and talents. I do not know many particulars of his moral character; but he was notoriously profane. He had a negro boy, at whom his neighbors used to hear him swear with awful violence. One day this gentleman met a decided Christian, who was also a lawyer, and said to him, "I wish, Sir, to examine in to the truth of the Christian religion. What books would you advise me to read on the evidences of Christianity?"

The pious lawyer, surprised at the inquiry, replied: "That is a question, Sir, which you ought to have settled long ago. You ought not to have put off a subject so important to this late period of life."

"It is too late," said the inquirer. "I never knew much about it; but I always supposed that Christianity was rejected by the great majority of learned men. I intend, however, now to examine the subject thoroughly myself. I have upon me, as my physician says, a mortal disease, under which I may live a year and a half, or two years, but not probably longer. What books, Sir, would you advise me to read?"

"The Bible," said the other.

"I believe you do not understand me," resumed the unbeliever, surprised in his turn: "I wish to investigate the truth of the Bible."

"I would advise you, Sir," repeated his Christian friend, "to read the Bible. And," he continued, "I will give you my reasons. Most infidels are very ignorant of the Scriptures. Now, to reason on any subject with correctness, we must understand what it is about which we reason. In the next place, I consider the internal evidence of the truth of the Scriptures stronger than the external."

"And where shall I begin?" inquired the unbeliever. "At the New Testament?"

"No," said the other, "at the beginning—at Genesis."

The infidel bought a commentary, went home, and sat down to the serious study of the Scriptures. He applied all his strong and well disciplined powers of mind to the Bible, to try rigidly but impartially its truth. As he went on in the perusal, he received occasional calls from his professional friend. The infidel freely remarked upon what he had read, and stated his objections. He liked this passage—he thought that touching and beautiful—but he could not credit a thing.

One evening the Christian lawyer called, and found the unbeliever at home, walking the room, with a dejected look, his mind apparently absorbed in thought. He continued, not noticing that any one had come in, busily to trace and retrace his steps. His friend at length spoke: "You seem, Sir," said he, "to be in a brown study. Of what are you thinking?"

"I have been reading," replied the infidel, "of the moral law."

"Well, what do you think of it?" asked his friend.

"I will tell you what I used to think," answered the infidel. "I supposed that Moses was the leader of a horde of banditti; that having a strong mind, he acquired great influence over a superstitious people; and that on Mount Sinai he played off some sort of fire-works, to the amazement of his ignorant followers, who imagined, in their mingled fear and superstition, that the exhibition was supernatural."

"But what do you think now?" interposed his friend.

"I have been looking," said the infidel, "into the nature of that law. I have been trying to see whether I can add any thing to it, or take any thing from it, so as to make it better. Sir, I cannot. It is perfect."

"The first commandment," continued he, "directs us to make the Creator the object of our supreme love and reverence. That is right. If he be our Creator, Preserver, and supreme Benefactor, we ought to treat him, and none other, as such."

"The second forbids idolatry. That certainly is right."

"The third forbids profaneness."

"The fourth fixes a time for religious worship. If there be a God, he ought surely to be worshipped. It is suitable that there should be an outward homage, significant of our inward regard. If God be worshipped, it is proper that some time should be set apart for that purpose, when all may worship him harmoniously and without interruption. One day in seven is certainly not too much; and I do not know that it is too little."

"The fifth defines the peculiar duties arising from the family relations."

"Injuries to our neighbor are then classified by the moral law. They are divided into offences against life, chastity, property, and character.—And," said he, applying a legal idea with legal acuteness, "I notice that the greatest offence in each class is expressly forbidden. Thus the injury to life is murder; to chastity, adultery; to property, theft; to character, perjury. Now the greater offence must include the less of the same kind. Murder must include every injury to life; adultery every injury to purity; and so of the rest. And the moral code is closed and perfected by a command forbidding every improper desire in regard to our neighbor."

"I have been thinking," he proceeded, "where did Moses get that law?" I have read history; the Egyptians and the adjacent nations were idolaters; so were the Greeks and Romans; and the wisest and best Greeks or Romans never gave a code of morals like this. Where did Moses get this law, which surpasses the wisdom and philoso-

phy of the most enlightened ages? He lived at a period comparatively barbarous; but he has given a law, in which the learning and sagacity of all subsequent times can detect no flaw. Where did he get it? He could not have learned it as far above his age as to have devised it himself. I am satisfied where he obtained it. It must have come from heaven. I am convinced of the truth of the religion of the Bible."

The infidel—tired no longer—reminded to his death a firm believer in the truth of Christianity. He lived several years after this conversation; about three, I believe. He continued to pursue the study of the Bible—his views of the Christian religion expanding and growing correct. Profaneness was abandoned. An oath was now an offence to him as it was familiar before. When his former gay companions used one, he habitually repressed them. He remonstrated with them upon its folly and want of meaning, and said he could never imagine how, how painful profound language must be to a Christian. But did he become a sincere disciple of Christ? He always expressed a great doubt upon that point. He could hope for nothing from the world, and he was afraid that he might choose other pleasures than that of eternal peace, without a rational change of heart.

I learned these particulars, a few years since, from one of the parties. The lapse of time may have caused some immaterial variation, but I believe no other. I have endeavored to be more than substantially correct, and have therefore left many important ideas unexpressed, as I anticipated them to occur in the actual conversation.

Let the reader meditate on this history, for it is believed to be rich in practical instruction. The main thought is this, that the moral law is a monument—a sublime monument—of the great moral transaction at Sinai, in the delivery of the commandments. But mark also the wisdom of the belief here exhibited; the improvement made of a lingering disease; the judicious advice and kind attention of the Christian friend; the beautiful arrangement of Providence by which these occurred; the excellence of the moral law as explained and felt; and under the blessing of the Holy Spirit, the glorious reforming power of the Bible.

THE SQUIRREL.

A late number of the Dublin Medical Press contains a very interesting account of the habits of the common squirrel. The writer, evidently a highly educated man, having procured one from a bird fancier, and having with some difficulty succeeded in taming him, had him in his possession for nearly a year. During this period he ascertained two circumstances connected with the natural history of these animals, viz: their hybernation, and that they are carnivorous. Of these facts, the first has been doubted, and the second hitherto altogether known. "It was not until I had this interesting creature in my possession nearly nine months," says the writer, "that I discovered what I had previously been entirely ignorant of, viz: that the squirrel is in part, by nature, once, carnivorous. This, from the formation of their teeth, and structure of their digestive organs, appears strange, and I should be glad to have it explained; for although I am relating the habits of an individual, yet by subsequent, careful, and numerous experiments, I ascertained that propensity to belong to the whole tribe of British squirrels."

The following is the manner in which this fact fell under my notice. About eight of nine months after I got this squirrel, I found in one of my daily walks a magpie, with a broken wing, and sitting the poor creature, I brought it home, and having set the wing as well as I could—then I placed the edges of the bone as close to each other, and tied the injured pinion to the bird's side, as a favorable position for permitting union, as I could, I placed the bird in a large wicker cage, and hung it up in the same apartment with the squirrel. For the first week the effects of his wound and the pain it occasioned, kept the stranger pretty silent; but as his health and spirits returned, his constant cries attracted the attention of my little passionate favorite, who, from that moment, appeared to conceive a violent desire to reach the magpie's cage. This, however, hung far beyond his reach, and the smoothness of the wall against which it was placed presenting no facilities for climbing, set the squirrel's reaching the cage out of the question.

His anxiety, and frequent attempts to do so, however, attracted my attention, and I at length released the object of his curiosity, and I conceived it, from the cage, and suffered them both to be at liberty in the room at once. What was my surprise when the result was an instantaneous attack on the squirrel's part, and that of so fierce and determined a nature that the magpie's death would have been a speedy but a cruel one, had I not interfered, and for a second time rescued my prisoner from danger. However, although I prevented my squirrel's indulging his taste for flesh in this instance, I procured him other birds, which he speedily despatched, and instantly devoured. They appeared, in fact, to be his natural prey, for while flesh was to be got, dozens of outs, even though ready broken for him, might be neglected at the bottom of the cage he commonly slept in; and the dexterity he showed in stripping his prey of their feathers, proved that this description of food was no novelty. I observed that his practice was to commence at the inferior portion of the trunk, pecking the extremities until nothing else remained, and rejecting the head altogether.

After this I used to present him with butcher's meat, either raw or dressed, which he took readily, unless seasoned. Even the presence of salt was not sufficient to ensure its refusal. As winter approached, I was curious to observe in what manner my little companion would be affected by the natural changes of the season, and for that purpose I never put a fire in his room; and as the season (which I will be remembered was a very cold one) advanced, he began to collect a store of nuts, and the remains of birds, in a corner of his box, as also to prepare a comfortable nest of moss, wool, &c. with which I supplied him; and, one morning, on visiting him, I found him curled up, with his long tail curled round him, cold, insensible, and to all appearance dead. In order to satisfy myself of the hybernation of squirrels, (a fact denied by some), as well as to see whether hybernation would be complete in a state of captivity, I suffered him to remain in the said torpid condition for nearly a fortnight; at the end of which time I moved him.

age and all, to an apartment with a good fire in it. The consequence of this was, that in a few hours he revived, and the first thing which he did was to attack his land of provisions, which he devoured voraciously, still, however, showing a strong preference for the flesh.

From the New Orleans Bee.

The disposition for planters to raise their own breadstuffs, is a favorable indication for the South. Experience has shown that it is extremely hurtful for agriculture to be dependent on other States for necessary plantation supplies, and should the southern planters generally adopt the practice of raising their own corn, and as far as practicable, their own meat, an immediate improvement in the condition of the country would take place. By devoting a portion of the soil to the production of grains for home consumption, there would be a necessary diminution in the quantity of staples produced, which would prevent the market from being glutted; and the reduced demand for western produce, would cause a reduction in the price of those commodities, the high prices of which are now a principal source of embarrassment to the planter. The crop of cotton lessened by this means, would sell for as much as a larger crop, with an over supplied market, and all that the planter would save in producing corn, would be so much clear gain.

It has been said, with more truth than would strike a superficial observer, that a country that buys all it uses, and sells all it raises, can never grow rich. It argues certainly a great want of foresight, for a farmer to be dependent on others, for such necessities as can be produced upon his plantation.

The idea that man's wealth is in proportion to the quantity of produce sent to market, is a too prevalent fallacy. In rural economy, wealth, may more justly be said to be, an independence of external supply. That planter will attain wealth, who has least to purchase in conducting his affairs. There may be occasional seasons, when the lands devoted to grains, were they cultivated in staples, would yield more money than the grain would cost, but such seasons are exceptions to the general rule. Look, for instance, at the cotton planters who have been in the habit of growing their own corn, and raising their own meat, very few of them have been overwhelmed by the recent embarrassments, whilst many others who shipped a proportionate amount of staples to market, have been reduced to want. The immense yield of the cotton crops, would induce a belief that cotton growing countries are the richest on earth. Such, however, is not the fact. The western farmers, who send comparatively little to market, as a class, are richer than the planters, for the reason that, whatever they sell is a clear profit. The proceeds of a cotton plantation, give a very inadequate notion of the profits of a planter; for his supplies are not less than the return of his crop—and on these supplies are continually fluctuating in price, the planter has the risk of his own crop to encounter, and that also of the western producer.

It would be absurd to say, that the Southern farmer cannot raise corn for less money than it can be bought in the west for, and hauled to the South, and wagoned to the plantation. Besides, the western supplies are sometimes short, and the grain frequently damaged before it reaches its destination. These contingencies and expenses would be avoided by growing grain on the plantations. Besides, when once the planter begins to grow his own supplies, it will be found that other expenses might be saved. It is a symptom of economy, which, when once it takes a good hold on the Southern producer, will have a magic effect in recuperating his resources.

General Intelligence.

THE CHEROKEE WAR.

The following letter published in the St. Louis Republican furnishes the most particular account that we have yet seen of the causes of the present hostilities among the Cherokees who are settled in their new homes west of the Mississippi:

NEWTON COUNTY, Mo., June 29, 1839.

MY DEAR FRIEND: A bloody tragedy has just been acted near the State line in the Cherokee nation, which, for brutality, almost beggars description, and which I give you an account of as I have been able to learn.

On the 22d instant about forty half and full blood Cherokee Indians came to the house of John Ridge, Esq., a distinguished Cherokee, and just about daylight entered the chamber of Mr. Ridge unperceived by any of the family, and burst a cap at his head, which awoke him, who then saw and felt his impending fate, no doubt, and called on his assailants for mercy. Finding the instrument of death which they had presented failed in its fatal purpose, they took him out of his bed from behind his wife, carried him into the yard, and there butchered him in a most savage, brutal manner, by slaying him in the body some twenty-seven times. They then threw him up in the air as far as they could, and when his dying body reached the ground each one stamped upon the body as they marched over it in single file, until the last man of them had performed his fiendish purpose. This tragedy was executed in the presence of his wife, children, and servants. The attack on Mrs. Ridge was more than she could bear, and was seized with spasms, which threaten her life.

The party, after killing Mr. John Ridge took up the line of march in pursuit of Major Ridge, the father of J. Ridge, who had the day before started with his servant to visit some friend in Van Buren, Arkansas. Report reaches us that the party overtook Major Ridge in the evening of the 22d, and killed him on his horse by shooting him. The report is doubtless true. It is also reported that the well known Eliza Boudinot and Col. Bell, and six other principal men of the Ridge party, have shared the same fate of the unfortunate John Ridge and his father. I entertain some doubts as to the deaths of those last named persons; but it is altogether probable.

The cause which led to this melancholy event had grown out of the dissatisfaction of perhaps a majority of the old Cherokee nation, in opposition to the treaty familiarly called the "Ridge Treaty," and those other persons said to be killed are some of the most prominent men, who with the Ridge, and others, concluded the treaty with Mr. Schermerhorn and Governor Carroll, a few years since, the history of which is well known to our readers.

The recent congregating of the whole nation, has enkindled these old feuds, and they have now consummated the threats of killing Ridge, for some time past made.

The friends of Major Ridge and his son John Ridge, have as I am informed sworn eternal vengeance against some of the head men of the nation of the other party. Where those tragedies will end time alone can unfold and determine. John Ridge was a gentleman of highly cultivated mind, having received a liberal education at one of the colleges in Connecticut, where he married a

most respectable lady, a Miss Northrop of that State. Major Ridge and his son were both considered wealthy, and were extensively engaged in mercantile business.

Major Ridge was formerly one of the principal chiefs of the nation, and commanded a battalion of his countrymen under General Jackson against the Creeks during the last war; and although unlettered was altogether a man of strong and discriminating mind. His intercourse with the intelligent and wealthy gave him the appearance of a wealthy southerner. He was kind and hospitable—was about sixty-five years of age.

John Ridge was about 37 years of age—he left a wife and six children. The death of the two Ridges will long be regretted by their friends and acquaintances.

It is reported that the United States Dragoons have been called to the scene of murder.

The intercourse with the whites and Cherokees passing to and fro, has not as yet been interrupted. Persons having business in the nation and at the forts, go as usual, though there is some timidity at present manifested.

Should any thing further transpire worthy of notice, I will again write you. Your friend.

P. S. I saw a gentleman to-day who confirms the report of the death of Major Ridge. He was killed near the residence of Mr. Evans, at the foot of Boston Mountain, about 35 miles from Van Buren, Arkansas. He was way laid, and shot from his horse. No further account as to Boudinot and Col. Bell.

A postscript in the Ozark Standard of the 9th says:

We have just learned by a gentleman from Fayetteville, Ark. that the Ridge and Ross parties are increasing, and that already each party numbers from two to three thousand warriors.

The Ridge party are represented as the most numerous, and as determined to revenge the death of their chiefs.

We learn, also, that Gen. Arbuckle had sent two hundred dragoons to demand the murderers of Ridge, who was murdered within the limits of this State. Also that he had ordered home the Creeks and Seminoles who had joined the two hostile parties, who are said to have obeyed his order.

The departure of the Steam Ships.—About the hour yesterday, at which it was announced that the British Steam Ships would leave their moorings at the wharf, on their return voyage, our streets usually so thronged with people, were comparatively deserted, and the shores on either side of the river were literally swarming with the multitude. On the New York side, the vessels at the wharves were crowded from their decks to their main-tops, every spot from which a sight of the river could be caught, even the house tops, was filled and the Battery in particular, the great resource on such occasions—seemed teeming with human beings. Nor was the Brooklyn shore less a place of resort.—From the Navy Yard to Red Hook, the Heights were lined with spectators, all anxious, if not to gratify their curiosity, at least to be able to say that they had seen the steam ships depart. Perhaps an expectation that there would be something like a trial of speed between the two competitors for the honors of Atlantic navigation, added to the general curiosity exhibited. If it were so, disappointment in this respect could not be more complete, for we are happy to say that the commanders of each vessel, and all concerned in them, repudiate the idea of obtaining any advantage in public estimation, by the dangerous expedient of calling to their aid, more than the usual quantum of the mighty power which impels them.

On regarding the scene, which the East River and its shores yesterday presented, the thought that would probably first suggest itself to a reflecting mind would be,—How insignificant are the objects which have called this mass together—though these objects are the work of human intelligence in one of its highest efforts—compared with the imposing spectacle of such a concentration of human beings, of the great city they have reared for themselves, of nature's hand seen in the broad expanse of waters, which courses along its shores!—even when the steam ships themselves, entered on the scene, we involuntarily called to mind a passage in one of Walter Scott's novels where he speaks of the comparative pigmy display which a large military array made, amid the high hills of Scotland.

But a truce to philosophizing. Our task is to tell of the departure of the Steam Ships. At about twenty minutes past one, the firing of a gun from the Great Western, announced her departure from the wharf and she proceeded, occasionally firing as she went, along the usual channel to sea. The British Queen left her moorings at ten minutes past two, made a slight curve up to the Navy Yard, and then stood on her course. As she passed the U. S. Ship North Carolina, the Band paid her the same compliment they had on her arrival, of playing "God save the Queen." She too occasionally saluted the city, which was answered from the guns at Castle Garden. At the Narrows she was detained half an hour, in putting on board the steam packet Neptune, a boat load of the friends of the passengers, and then pursued her way. When last seen at about 18 miles distant from the city, the Great Western was about 15 miles ahead of the Queen, the latter then going along majestically with some sail set.

The Steamers Neptune, Pacific, Novelty, Hercules, and Arrow accompanied the British steamers to sea. They were crowded with passengers, bedecked with flags, and provided with bands of music.

The packet ships Ontario for London, Orpheus, for Liverpool, and Baltimore for Havre, and the transatlantic ship Adromedia for Liverpool, also went to sea at about the same time.

The British Queen has on board one hundred and three passengers, exclusive of children and servants, and the Great Western about sixty.—Amongst the passengers are Gen. Hamilton of South Carolina, Mr. Vincent Nolte of New Orleans, Mrs. Papineau and family of Lower Canada; and last, not least, the Hon. C. C. Cambrieng.—*New York Courier and Enquirer.*

From the Houston (Texas) Telegraph.

TEXAS—DERIVATION OF THE NAME.

We have seen a couplet from some wag in the United States, which gives rather a ludicrous etymology of the name of our republic, by deriving it from "Takes us." He introduces the following lines:

"When every other land rejects us,
Here is a land which freely takes us."

It is a very good hit, and if all who attempt to ridicule our country which would show as much wit, we should never be offended at them. But it reminds us of a legend of the Comanches, related by Isowacany, the principal chief of that nation, when on a visit to San Antonio, last summer. The Comanches claim to be the lineal descendants of the empire of Montezuma, and the only legitimate owners of the whole Mexican country. The chief said, that when Cortes landed in Mexi-

co, he found the country torn to pieces by internal factions, and was enabled, by employing the disaffected chiefs, to raise a force to seize upon the capital. Those chiefs believed, if they could destroy the power of Montezuma, they could easily despatch the Spaniard, and have the control of the country in their own hands. But too late they ascertained that they had introduced a harder master, and that unconditional servitude was all they had to expect. They were required to change their ancient religion, and thousands of them were sent off to work in the mines, from which they rarely made their escape. A great proportion of them bound their neck to the conqueror, and became serfs and slaves to the Spaniards; but a few, the best and noblest part, preferred exile to servitude, and set out on a pilgrimage to the North, in hopes to find a land where they could enjoy their ancient institutions in peace.

They travelled for many weeks, and at last came to the great river of the North, (the Rio Grande,) where they encamped, and sent out twenty chosen men to examine the adjacent country. They crossed the great river and ascended one of the highest peaks of the mountain which overlook the adjoining plain. The prairie was covered with buffalo, deer, and antelopes, and they thought they had reached the happy hunting ground, and the word "Texas!" "Texas!" burst from every tongue. It was decided unanimously that it should be their future home, and that the country should go by the name apparently furnished them by the great spirit.

"Texas" is the Comanche name for the residence of the happy spirits in the other world, where they shall enjoy an eternal felicity, and have plenty of deer and buffalo always at hand. By taking the sound as they pronounce it, and giving it the Spanish orthography, it gives us the word "Texas," which is the "Happy Hunting Ground," or the "Elysium," of the Comanches. This is a true history of the name, as derived from Isowacany himself.

PERILOUS ADVENTURE AT NIAGARA.

An occurrence of most thrilling interest took place at Niagara Falls yesterday afternoon, attended with imminent peril to the lives of two individuals, but resulting in a most happy and providential deliverance.

The new bridge to Iris island is planted in a frightful rapid where the current is from 50 to 30 miles an hour, and is only about 100 to 150 yards above the great precipice or perpendicular fall.—A carpenter by the name of Chapin was engaged with others in covering the bridge, and while at work upon a staging about one hundred feet from Iris island, accidentally lost his footing and was precipitated into the rapids, and in the twinkling of an eye towards the great cataract. Speedy and inevitable destruction seemed to await him; but unfortunately he was uninjured by the fall, and even in the most hopeless condition retained the most perfect self possession. Turning his eye towards the only point of hope above the fearful precipice he succeeded by great dexterity in swimming, in effecting a landing upon a small island some twenty feet in width and length, the outermost of the group of little cedar islands situated some thirty or forty yards above the falls, and about equally distant from Goat Island and the American shore.

There he stood for an hour, looking calmly and beseechingly back upon the numerous spectators who lined the bridge and shores but with whom he could hold no conversation on account of the distance and the roar of the rapids.

There is a man at the Falls by the name of Robinson, of extraordinary muscular powers, great intrepidity, and withal an admirable boatman—and he was probably the only one that could have been found within fifty miles—who generously volunteered his services, to attempt reaching the island and bring Chapin off. A light boat of two oars, similar in construction to the White Hall race boats, was soon procured, and embarked.

He proceeded with great deliberation and consummate skill, darting his little boat across the rapid channel, and at the intervening eddies holding up to survey his situation and recruit his strength for the next trial. In a few minutes he neared the island, but a rapid channel still intervened, sweeping close to the island, and rendering the attempt to land very difficult. He paused for a moment, and then with all his strength darted across and sprang from his boat—his foot slipped, and he fell backwards into the rapid current. With the spectators it was a moment of thrilling interest and breathless silence; his boat seemed inevitably lost, and himself in fearful jeopardy. Retaining however, his grasp on the boat he sprang in, and again seizing his oars brought up under the lee of the little island. All again felt a momentary relief, but still the great labor and hazard of the enterprise remained to be overcome. A cool head and strong arm could only effect it—Robinson proved equal to the task. Taking his companion on board in the same careful and deliberate manner, though at infinitely greater hazard and labor, they effected a safe landing on Goat Island.

There the spectators assembled to give them a cordial greeting. A scene of great excitement ensued—the boat was drawn up the bank, and it was moved and carried by acclamation that a collection be taken up on the spot for Chapin and his noble hearted deliverer Robinson. It was a generous one and was thankfully received; but the reflection to Robinson that he has rescued a fellow being under such circumstances will be to his generous heart a much richer one. After the collection, Robinson and Chapin took their seats in the boat, and were carried in triumph on the shoulders of their neighbors to the village.

The intense interest of the whole scene was heightened by the presence of Chapin's wife and children, who stood on the shore watching with unavailing horror and agony what seemed his inevitable and fearful fate. With what devout and heartfelt gratitude must they have thanked God, when the husband and parent once more stood by their side safe and sound.

The Tobacco crop of the United States, will amount this year it is estimated to 115,000 Hhds. Last year it only reached 72,000 Hhds., viz:

In Virginia	20,000
" Kentucky	27,000
" Maryland	16,000
" Ohio	3,000
Total	72,000

CROP OF 1839.	
In Virginia	45,000
" Kentucky	35,000
" Maryland	16,000
" Ohio	4,000
Total	115,000

The Exports to foreign countries is usually about four fifths of the entire crop. We see no mention of the Tobacco produced in North Carolina, which is very considerable. Much of it, we are aware, goes to swell the Exports of Virginia. We should not be surprised indeed, if one fifth of what Virginia has credit for, were the products of this State.—*Wilmington Chronicle.*

EDITORIAL PHILOSOPHY.

Well, Lewis Stearns, a thorough-going supporter of the Administration, has been elected to Congress from this District. And many a tongue will now be busy in accounting for so unlooked for and unthought for an event. Some will say his opponent was not the right man—he did not do his duty in electioneering—was not well enough known—others that all the Whig party did not vote, or that they did not manage right, or that they were too confident enough, or that they were too confident or not sufficiently so, or that the moon is cheese, or come to some other equally sage conclusion. We, however, differ from all of them in our estimate of the cause of this defeat, we believe the principal reason to have been that Stearns had the most votes, and the Whig party are, as they have been for some years, about eight hundred less in number than their opponents, in this District. We are impelled to this wise conclusion by the force of circumstances, and the solemn fact that we are beaten by about that number.

They have raised one story on us, about this matter that is not true. We have heard it was currently reported that we went to bed on Saturday, as soon as we heard the news. This is not a fact. We did feel a little sick for the balance of the day, had a very bad headache, and a pressure of the chest, and during the night an incubus or nightmare troubled us exceedingly, but we attributed it to the fact of having eaten a slice of excellent beef for dinner. We have no idea that it was caused by the disastrous news of the election, and neither our friends or our enemies can say it was. Yesterday we perused "Fox's Book of Martyrs" about two hours, derived a great consolation therefrom, and our equanimity has not since been disturbed except by the barber, who charged us two bits for a shave in consequence of an elongation of phiz, and thought he did not get paid for his labor. We have finally come to the conclusion, that as the election is over, and, Othello's political occupation gone, we will turn our attention to poetry and raising Morus Multicaulus, until next spring a year, when perhaps we will take the field ourselves as the Whig candidate for Congress.—*Wheeling Gas.*

It is said that the Postmaster General has sent an agent to England to ascertain the true details and practical working of the uniform and reduced rate of postage lately adopted there, with a view to its introduction here. We hope something of the kind may be effected. The rates are too high. A large reduction would, we have no doubt, increase the receipts of the Department. As to a uniform rate—that is but one charge for any distance, however great—and payment in advance, we do not feel justified in hazarding an opinion, though the operation in England has been according to the latest accounts, favorable.—*Fredericksburg Arena.*

Rate of Interest in England.—In the reign of Henry VIII, the rate was fixed by act of Parliament at 10 per cent. In 1553, an act was passed prohibiting the taking of any interest whatever, but it was soon after repealed. In 1625, the rate was reduced to 8 per cent. In 1751, to 6 per cent, and in 1714, to 5 per cent. Since that time the Bank of England has been allowed to charge 5 per cent, until within a few years it has been allowed, under certain circumstances, to charge 6 per cent. It will thus be seen that the Bank of England is now charging a higher rate than at any time for the last 125 years.—*Baltimore Transcript.*

Appointment by the President.—H. L. HOLMES, of North Carolina, to be Attorney of the United States for the District of North Carolina, in the place of Thomas P. Devereux, resigned.—*Globe.*

An Iron steamer for the Atlantic.—It is stated in a letter from London, in the New York Commercial, that the Great Western steam ship Company are preparing to build an iron steamer, to run in connection with their present ship. She is to be named the "New York," and will have engines of one thousand horse power.—*Balt. Patriot.*

The Springs.—The Saratoga Sentinel says: "The number of strangers now in the village is not less than 2500 or 3000. Every house is filled; and were it not for the constant departure, it would be impossible to find lodgings for the hundreds who arrive daily. More accommodations must be provided against another season."

A Caution.—The Richmond Whig contains the following caution from James M. Garnett, Esq., to his "fellow sufferers in the Morus Multicaulus speculation." Writing under date of the 16th July, Mr. Garnett says: "If it be not too late, I will caution all such against digging up those parts of their grounds wherein they have supposed their cuttings to be dead. This caution I take the liberty to offer, because, so late as yesterday, while some of my negroes were hoeing the plants already growing, I found my cuttings just putting out both roots and buds—although, to judge by the surface of the land, all were dead that did not appear above ground."

THE MORUS MULTICAULUS IN NORTH CAROLINA MORE THAN 50 YEARS AGO.

A letter from Mr. Geo. Wilson, of Newbern, to John S. Skinner, of Baltimore, contradicts the assertion that the Multicaulus was introduced into America after its discovery by M. S. Perrotet, at Manila, in 1821, and its introduction by him into France at that period. Mr. Wilson says:

"If reliance can be placed on the positive assertions of two or three credible witnesses, the *Morus multicaulus* was introduced into Craven county, N. Carolina, more than fifty years since! A man named Fontelle, some fifty or sixty years ago, emigrated (from France!) into Craven county, in this State, and brought with him mulberries, and the eggs of the bombyx, in order to make silk. He soon after died. From the remains of those mulberries, David Lewis, of this place, has one root, and a number of the cuttings, growing of the *Morus multicaulus*. About this matter 'there is no mistake.' I have seen and examined those cuttings, and so have many others, where they are now growing."

Wager Lost.—A German undertook to swim the Potomac the other day, says the Alleghenian, on a bet of two dollars, which he lost, just as he was making the opposite shore, by losing his life. He sank and was drowned.

Respect and Sympathy.—"I should be very happy," says Col. Bee, the Texian Envoy to Mexico, in his letter to the Mexican Minister, "if you would have the kindness to make known to his Excellency (Santa Anna) the President of the Republic, the fact of my arrival here, avowing him of the high consideration in which I hold him, and of the pain, I have felt at learning the loss of his life.—*Lynch. Virginian.*



THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN

SALISBURY:

FRIDAY MORNING, AUGUST 10, 1839.

ELECTION RETURNS.

FIRST DISTRICT.

Returns received from only two Counties. The election of Rayner is considered sure.

SECOND DISTRICT.

	BYNUM.	LOWE.
Halifax,	131 maj.	150 maj.
Northampton,	90	
Bertie,	271	
Martin,	401	
	155	
	306	Bynum's majority.

THIRD DISTRICT.

	STANLEY.	HALL.
Edgecomb,	111	1502
Pitt,	636	371
Beaufort,	901	378
Washington,	402	77
Hyde,	900	81
	2850	9499
	2490	
	151	Stanley's present majority.

Tyrell yet to be heard from.

FOURTH DISTRICT.

	SHEPARD.	ROBERTS.
Wayne,	731	151
Johnston,	965	344
Jones,	124	235
Craven,	567	615
	2017	1349
	1349	
	668	Shepard's majority.

SIXTH DISTRICT.

	HAWKINS.	HILLIARD.
Franklin,	357	470
Nash,	323	529
Warren,	534	61
Granville,	507	561
	1625	1621
	1621	
	4	Hawkins majority.

SEVENTH DISTRICT.

We have no official, nor any satisfactory returns of the vote in this District. There is no doubt of the election of Deberry by a large majority.

EIGHTH DISTRICT.

	MONTGOMERY.	HAWKINS.
Orange,	170 majority.	
Person,	209 maj.	
Wake,	439	76 majority.
	76	
	303	Montgomery's majority.

NINTH DISTRICT.

	HILL.	SHEPARD.
Rockingham,	939	307
Stokes,	472 majority.	
Caswell,	947 maj.	
Guilford,	425	2119
		Hill elected by a majority of 47.

TENTH DISTRICT.

	FISHER.	HENDERSON.
Rowan,	594	508
Davie,	433	455
Davidson,	977	740
Randolph,	603	655
Chatham,	590	812
		Fisher's majority 183.

ELEVENTH DISTRICT.

	CONNOR.	EWERT.
Lincoln,	1653	942
Mecklenburg,	1005	815
Cabarrus,	315	747
	3039	2504
	2504	
	535	majority for Connor.

Lewis Williams has been re-elected in the 9th district by a majority as we learn verbally, of 183, Mr. Murphree.

James Graham, has been re-elected without opposition, in the mountains.

THE RESULT OF THE CONGRESSIONAL ELECTIONS IN NORTH CAROLINA.

The Congressional elections in this State have resulted in the election of the following gentlemen:

H. W. Connor, J. Hill, W. Montgomery, M. Hawkins, Jesse Bynum, and Jas. McKay.—G. Van Buren men.

Jas. Graham, Lewis Williams, Ed. Deberry, E. Stanley.—Federal Whigs.

Kenneth Bayner, a professed State-Rights man, practically, a Federal Whig.

Charles Sheppard, and Charles Fisher, State-Rights Republicans, for reform, retrenchment, and economy in public expenditures.

THE ELECTION IN THE 10th CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.

We have the gratification to announce to friends abroad, the full accomplishment of the publican victory, which we anticipated in our Notwithstanding the boastful confidence of the Federal Caucusites, and the extraordinary means, and desperate exertions employed to secure it. They have been grievously disappointed, and defeated.

So very certain were they of success that their chief organ, "the dirty sheet" of Ashland, claimed that they would elect their candidate more than a thousand votes majority; and the Editor of the "Watchman" in his farewell broke out in hysterical raptures on the subject before them.—"Beaten,—beaten,—beaten,—the triumphant song, with which he would calculations to show what a terrible defeat the Republicans.—But the thing has been reversed."

STEPHEN FRONTIS,
Salisbury, N. C., August 2, 1939. tp.

TRUST IN HEAVEN.

This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion's given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
There's nothing true but Heaven.

Trust in Heaven! when o'er thy path,
Clouds and tempests come in wrath;
When thy grief oppresseth thee,
When obscured thy prospects be,
When around thee misers are driven,
Heed them not—but trust in Heaven!

Trust in Heaven!—when morning lifts
Up her head and casts her glaze,
Light and dew, upon the earth;
When she brings the blossoms forth,
Till shall shine the stars of eve,
For a safeguard, trust in Heaven!

Trust in Heaven!—when there star
Burneth many a glorious star;
Canst thou doubt when thus her light
Gleams unobscured through the night
That protection may be given
To thy pillow—trust in Heaven!

Trust in Heaven!—when one by one
Swift the waves of hope glide,
Leaving thee a wreck at last
On the shore whence they have passed;
Thy' heart be wrong and given,
Still former trust in Heaven!

Trust in Heaven!—when from its way
Those thou lovest go astray;
Still, still strive to bring them back
To thy straight and thornless track;
And that truth may soon be given
To their spirits, trust in Heaven!

Trust in Heaven!—it shall not fail,
When the darkest griefs prevail;
And when death at length shall come,
When around thee spread his gloom,
Pray thou mayest be forgiven—
Place thy dearest trust in Heaven!

VARIEY.

A Plea of "Nolo Contendere."—A native of the Emerald Isle, being brought before a Court in Massachusetts for assault and battery, was asked if he was guilty or not guilty?

"Guilty," he replied, "I am not guilty, making demonstration of more than fight, I want a man's right in a free country, to knock down any body he places, without being guilty of assault and battery, I'd say 'ye'!"

The Court answering this in the negative, Pat was a little at a loss what to say. He did not like the word guilty, and gloried too much in his character of a boxer, to wish to deny the charge.

While he was hesitating what to say, a gentleman of the bar whispered to him to put in a plea of "Nolo Contendere."

"Nollengender ye!" said the Irishman, who was better acquainted with the shillalah than with Latin, "what's the main in that?"

"The meaning is, that you will not contend with the country," said the lawyer.

"Nollengender ye!" said the accused, turning to the bench; "that is to say, I'll not contend with the whole country; but be the powers!"

"I can whip any three iv ye at the same time!"

Scraping Jackets, or Yankee eat Yankee.—The writer was surveying London from the cupola of St. Paul's. It was a gloomy day; the fog rolled up its heavy curtains in a limited radius, so that the thousand spires of the metropolis were shut from the circumference embraced by the eye.

As he looked around, he was aware of another spectator standing by his side, who accosted him:—"Well, I guess this here is a pretty great place from what I can see!"

Our tourist took him at once for a fellow-country man.—"Yes," he replied, with affected ignorance:—"You Englishmen ought to be proud of it!"

"Oh," said he in return, "I guess I ain't an Englishman; I rather expect I'm principally from the U. States." "So am I," was the rejoinder. "We are looking through upon an immense metropolis, as you intimated; but we do not see its immensity to day."

It needs as clear a light as possible, for the wide and general view." "Well, yes, I expect it does. After all, it must be a desperate sizable place, including the outskirts and water privileges, for it looks to be dreadfully thick-settled just along here, round the meeting house!"

This quotation is from hearsay and memory, but substantially faithful, in fact and scene.—*Family Letters from London.*

Perseverance.—We heard the other day a very good anecdote of a certain eccentric preacher in a neighboring State, a shrewd talented man without, and of unbought influence among his people. One long warm summer afternoon—his congregation, as all congregations will on summer afternoons, got drowsy, and not a few went off into a regular doze—the orator went on apparently undisturbed by the apathy and finished his discourse, he paused—the silence, as is often the case, after the humdrum of a not very animated speaker—roused up the congregation—some rubbed their eyes, and all stared—for there stood the priest sermon in hand, and then very calmly said—"My friends this sermon cost me a good deal of labor, rather more than usual—you do not seem to have paid it quite as much attention as it deserves—I think I will go over it again," and he was good as his word, from text to exhortation.—*New York Era.*

The lady of a mariner about to sail on a distant voyage sent a note to the clergyman of the parish expressing the following meaning: "A husband going to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation." Unfortunately the good parson was not skilled in punctuation, nor had the minister quick vision. He read the note as it was written:

"A husband going to see his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation."

Anecdote—Founded on Fact.—In a small village in the State of Georgia, a quarrel recently took place between two Frenchmen; one a meagre little physician who looked as if he lived on his own drugs—the other, a sturdy grocer, who as a cannibal, could have taken the little M. D. at a meal. In the progress of the dispute, the doctor wrought up to the sticking point, and as warm as a cataplasm, exclaimed, "I will be darn if I'll kill you!"—to which the grocer replied with no chance of the most ludicrous contrast. "No Doctor, I'll be darn if I do, for I shall no employ you."

Job Printing neatly executed at
No. 67 OFFICE.

UNEXAMPLED MAMMOTH SCHEME:

THE following details of a Scheme of a Lottery, to be drawn in December next, warrants us in declaring it to be unparalleled in the history of Lotteries. Prizes to the amount have never before been offered to the public. It is a true there are many bluffs, but on the other hand, the extremely low charge of \$20 per ticket—the value and Number of the Capital, and the revival of the good old custom of warranting that every prize shall be drawn and sold, will, we are sure, give universal attraction, and especially, to the six hundred prize holders.

To those disposed to adventure, we recommend early application being made to us for Tickets—when the Prizes are all sold. Bluffs only remain—the first buyers have the best chance. We therefore emphatically say—**BUY NOW!** but at once remit and transmit to us your orders, which shall always receive our immediate attention. Letters to be addressed and applications made to

SYLVESTER & CO.
156 Broadway, New York.

Observe the Number 156.

\$700,000!!! \$500,000!!!
\$25,000!!!
6 Prizes of - - \$20,000!!!
2 Prizes of - - \$15,000!!!
3 Prizes of - - \$10,000!!!

Grand Real Estate and Bank Stock LOTTERY
OF PROPERTY SITUATED IN NEW ORLEANS,
The richest and most Magnificent Scheme ever presented to the Public in This or any other Country.

Tickets only \$20.

Authorized by an act of the Legislative Assembly of Florida, and under the directions of the Commissioners acting under the same.

To be drawn at Jacksonville, Florida, Dec. 1, 1839.

SCHMIDT & HAMILTON, Managers.
SYLVESTER & CO., 156 Broadway, New York,
Sole Agents.

No combination Numbers!!!

100,000 Tickets, from No. 1, upwards, in succession. The Deeds of the Property and the Stock transferred in trust to the Commissioners appointed by the said act of the Legislature of Florida, for the security of the Prize-holders.

SPLENDID SCHEME:

- 1 Prize—The Arcade, 286 feet, 5 inches, 4 lines, on Magazine street; 101 feet, 11 inches on Natchez street. 126 feet, 6 inches, on Gravier street—Rented at \$37,000 pr. annum, and valued at \$700,000
- 1 Prize—City Hotel, 162 ft. on Common street. 140 ft. 6 in. on Camp street—Rented at \$25,000—valued at 500,000
- 1 Prize—Dwelling House, (adjoining the Arcade), No. 16, 34 ft. 7 in. front on the Natchez str.—Rented at \$1,200—valued at 20,000
- 1 Prize—Ditto, (adjoining the Arcade), No. 15, 23 ft. front on Natchez str. Rented at \$1,200—valued at 20,000
- 1 Prize—Ditto, (adjoining the Arcade), No. 20, 23 ft. front on Natchez str. Rented at \$1,200—valued at 20,000
- 1 Prize—Ditto, No. 23, North-east corner of Basin and Custom-house str. 40 ft. front on Basin, and 40 ft. on Franklin str. by 127 ft. deep in Custom-house str.—Rented at \$1,500 valued at 20,000
- 1 Prize—Ditto, No. 24, South-west corner of Basin and Custom-house str. 32 ft. 7 in. on Basin, 32 ft. 7 in. on Franklin, 127 ft. 10 1/2 in. deep in front of Custom-house street—Rented at \$1,500—valued at 20,000
- 1 Prize—Ditto, No. 338, 24 ft. 8 in. on Royal str. by 127 ft. 11 in. deep—Rented at \$1,000—valued at 15,000
- 1 Prize—250 shares Canal Bank Stock—\$100 each, 25,000
- 1 " 200 ditto, Commercial ditto, \$100 each, 20,000
- 1 " 150 ditto, Mechanics & Traders—100 each, 15,000
- 1 " 100 ditto, City Bank \$100 each, 10,000
- 1 " 100 ditto, ditto, \$100 each, 10,000
- 1 " 50 ditto, ditto, \$100 each, 5,000
- 1 " 25 ditto, ditto, \$100 each, 2,500
- 1 " 25 ditto, ditto, ditto, \$100 each, 2,500
- 1 " 25 ditto, ditto, ditto, \$100 each, 2,500
- 1 " 15 ditto, Mechanics & Traders, \$100 each, 1,500
- 1 " 15 ditto, ditto, \$100 each, 1,500
- 1 " 10 shares Louisiana State Bank, \$100 each, each Price, 20,000
- 1 " 2 shares of the Gas Light Bank, \$200 each, each Price, 2,000
- 1 " 200 shares of the Gas Light Bank, \$100 each, each Price, 20,000
- 1 " 200 shares of the New Orleans Bank, \$100 each, each Price, 20,000
- 1 " 150 shares of the Union Bank of Florida, 15,000
- 600 Prizes. \$1,500,000

Tickets \$20 each. No Shares.

The whole of the Tickets, with their Numbers, as also those containing the Prizes, will be examined and sealed by the Commissioners appointed under the Act, previous to their being put into the wheels. One wheel will contain the whole of the numbers, the other will contain Six Hundred Prizes, and the first 600 Numbers that shall be drawn out, will be entitled to such Prizes as may be drawn to its numbers, and the fortunate holders of such Prize will have such property transferred to them immediately after the Drawing, unencumbered, and without any deduction! June 7, 1839. 6-m

BOLTING CLOTHS.

TICK SUBSCRIBERS
HAVE on hand, and intend keeping a supply of the best Anchor Stamp Bolting Cloths, comprising all the various Nos. used in this region of country.—Where all who wish the article can be supplied in quantities to suit purchasers, and on reasonable terms. Wave Wire for Screening Bitters, &c., kept constantly on hand. HALL & JOHNSON, FOOT OF HANCOCK ST. Fayetteville, May 17, 1839.

Wrapping Paper, &c.

THE Subscribers have just received a large assortment of brown and colored WRAPPING paper; together with a large quantity of PASTE BOARD, which they offer at wholesale or retail. C. B. & C. K. WHEELER. June 7, 1839.

MOFFAT'S VEGETABLE LIFE PILLS AND PHENIX BITTERS

THE universal estimation in which the celebrated Life Pills and Phenix Bitters are held, is satisfactorily demonstrated by the increasing demand for them in every State and section of the Union, and by the voluntary testimonials to their remarkable efficacy which are every where offered. It is not less from a deeply gratifying confidence that they are the means of extensive and inestimable good among his afflicted fellow-creatures, than from interested considerations, that the Proprietors of these preparations constantly before the public eye.

The sale of every additional bottle and bottle a guarantee that some persons will be relieved from a greater or less degree of suffering, and be improved in general health; for in no case will suffering from disease can they be taken in vain.—The Proprietors have never known or been informed of an instance in which they have failed to do good. In the most obstinate cases of chronic disease, such as chronic dyspepsia, torpid liver, rheumatism, asthma, nervous and bilious head-ache, costiveness, piles, general debility, scrofulous swellings and ulcers, scurvy, mit rheum and all other chronic affections of the organs and membranes, they effect cures with a rapidity and permanency which few persons would theoretically believe, but to which thousands have testified from happy experience.

In colds and coughs, which, if neglected, superinduce the most fatal diseases of the lungs, and indeed the viscera in general, these medicines, if taken but for three or four days, never fail. Taken at night, they so promote the insensible perspiration, and so relieve the system of febrile action and febrile obstructions, as to produce a most delightful sense of convalescence in the morning; and though the usual symptoms of a cold should partially return during the day, the repetition of a suitable dose at the next hour of bed-time will almost invariably effect permanent relief, without further aid. Their effect upon fevers of a more acute and violent kind is not less sure and speedy if taken in proportionable quantity; and persons returning to bed with inflammatory symptoms of the most alarming kind, will awake with the gratifying consciousness that the fierce enemy has been overthrown, and can easily be subdued.

In the same way, visceral turgescence, though long established, and visceral inflammation, however excited, will yield to the former to small and the latter to large doses of the Life Pills; and so also hysterical affections, hypochondriacism, restlessness, and very many other varieties of the Neurotic class of diseases, yield to the efficacy of the Phenix Bitters. Full directions for the use of these medicines, and showing their distinctive applicability to different complaints, accompany them; and they can be obtained, wholesale and retail, at 375 Broadway, where numerous certificates of their unparalleled success are always open to inspection.

For additional particulars of the above medicines, see Moffat's "Good Samaritan," a copy of which accompanies the medicines; a copy can also be obtained of the different Agents who have the medicines for sale. French, German, and Spanish directions can be obtained on application at the office, 375 Broadway.

All post paid letters will receive immediate attention. Prepared and sold by William B. Moffat, 375 Broadway, N. Y. A liberal deduction made to those who purchase to sell again.

Agents—The Life Medicines may also be had of the principal druggists in every town throughout the United States and the Canadas. Ask for Moffat's Life Pills and Phenix Bitters; and be sure that a fac simile of John Moffat's signature is upon the label of each bottle of Bitters, or box of Pills.

FEVER AND AGUE—TO MY FRIENDS IN THE WEST, and particularly those who have used the LIFE MEDICINES in treatment of FEVER AND AGUE.

It is but a very short time since these Medicines have been introduced into the Eastern States, and the proprietors flatter themselves that during that period, wherever they have been used according to the directions, they have done more towards exterminating the disease, than all other remedies and prescriptions combined. It is a common excuse among "regular practitioners," when specifics are introduced, that they cannot cure diseases which people are in the habit of considering incurable. Medical experience is continually doing away a part of the list of the incurable diseases, and Mr. Moffat has the happiness of confidently announcing that Fever and Ague is now to be added to the number of complaints which modern skill has conquered.

In Fever and Ague the Life Medicines not only give quicker relief than any other remedy, but, if persevered in, effect a permanent cure; so that if the patient is only ordinarily careful, and resorts directly to his medicine upon the first symptom of tendency to a new attack, it may always be ward off. To escape one chill would be of infinitely more consequence to the sufferer than the value of the remedy—to remove the disease permanently would confer a benefit upon him which cannot be estimated by any earthly standard. That these Medicines will effect what is here claimed for them, the Proprietor has the testimony of all acquainted with them and their application and use in the Fever and Ague; and his object in now addressing his friends at the West is to request them that they spare no pains in communicating their experience, and disseminating this highly interesting information, now that the season for Fever and Ague has arrived.

It is not for the mere purpose of disposing of a few hundred packages of the Life Medicines, that the proprietor makes this appeal. The demand for his Medicines is already greater than he can conveniently supply; and even were it insufficient to afford him business, he would conceive himself supremely selfish, if his pleasure was not greater at the benefit conferred upon the suffering part of the community by an increase in his sales, than at his own pecuniary profit.

The Life Medicines, if properly used and persevered in, recommend themselves; still it is necessary that the public should know that such medicines exist, and hence the propriety of advertising them. It is hoped, therefore, that the proprietor will not be accused of egotism when he says that there is no medicine or mode of treatment extant, for fever and ague, so appropriate, thorough and positive in its happy effects as Moffat's Life Pills and Phenix Bitters.

For further particulars of the above medicine see Moffat's Good Samaritan, a copy of which accompanies the medicine. A copy may also be obtained of the different Agents who have the medicines for sale.

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FEVER AND AGUE POSITIVELY CURED.—Fever and Ague is a most obstinate disease, and in warm and humid climates, frequently resists every ordinary mode of cure, so as to become very distressing to the person, and by the extreme debility which the disease induces, it often gives rise to other chronic complaints. Marsh miasmata, or the effluvia arising from stagnant water, is the most frequent exciting cause of this disease; and one of its great peculiarities is its susceptibility of a renewal from very slight causes, such as from the prevalence of an easterly wind—even with out the repetition of the original exciting cause. In this, Fever and Ague differs from most other fevers; as it is well known, that after an ordinary fever has once occurred, and been removed, the person affected is not so liable to a fresh attack as one who was not so affected. These circumstances render it extremely difficult to effect a permanent cure of Fever and Ague, though to relieve the patient for the time being is a very easy task.

MOFFAT'S LIFE PILLS AND PHENIX BITTERS have been thoroughly tested, and proved to be a positive and radical cure of Fever and Ague. Hundreds of his fellow-citizens in the West, have voluntarily come forward to assure Mr. Moffat that the Life Medicines are the only medicines that will thoroughly effect a removal of this most tedious and disagreeable disease.

Others who have emigrated to that rich and promising portion of our country—men who went out full of hope, and confident of winning a competence from the luxuriance of the soil; or who carried to the outposts of our settlements the mercantile or mechanical experience won in the crowded cities and towns of the older States, have either returned with shattered constitutions and depressed spirits, or they remain in their new homes, dragging out a weary life; at last, to sink under some disease to which they are predisposed by that terror of the West, the Fever and Ague. Their hopes are blasted—their business energies destroyed—their El Dorado become a desert, and the word, made to the ear, is broken to the hope.

To these individuals, Mr. Moffat would say—"Try the Life Medicines, and you will yet anticipate your most sanguine expectations, for they will certainly restore you to health."

Fever and Ague is a complaint which requires to be met at its first approach, and combated at every stage. Seldom fatal of itself, it reduces the strength, and impairs the functions of the organs, so that upon the manifestation of disease, Nature is unable, unassisted, to resist the invader. The Life Medicines, when taken strictly according to directions will cure it, and give to the weak and trembling victim of disease, new health, life, and strength.

For full particulars of the mode of treatment, the reader is referred to the Good Samaritan, a copy of which accompanies the medicines. A copy may be obtained of the different Agents who have the medicines for sale.

French, German, and Spanish directions can be obtained on application at the office, 375 Broadway. All post paid letters will receive immediate attention. Sold wholesale and retail by William B. Moffat, 375 Broadway, N. Y. A liberal deduction made to those who purchase to sell again.

Agents—The Life Medicines may also be had of the principal Druggists in every town throughout the United States and the Canadas. Ask for Moffat's Life Pills and Phenix Bitters; and be sure that a fac simile of John Moffat's signature is upon the label of each bottle of Bitters, or box of Pills.

The above Medicines may be had of Messrs. Cress & Boger, in this Town, who are Agents for the same. Salisbury, N. C., July 26, 1839.

JUST RECEIVED AND FOR SALE, WHOLESALE & RETAIL.

- 20 doz. German Grass Sythes,
 - 35 kegs Nails, assorted sizes,
 - 100 kegs White Lead,
 - 250 bars Tire Iron, 1 1/2 & 1 3/4 inches wide,
 - 200 bottles Sulfur,
 - 6 pieces Het Anchor Bolting Cloths,
 - 3,000 lbs. bar Lead,
 - 500 lbs. Loaf Sugar,
 - 60 boxes 8 by 10 Window Glass.
- Also, in store:
75 large Coffee, 22 hhds. Sugar,
24 hhds. Molasses, 30 sacks Salt,
6 casks Rice, by J. & W. MURPHY.
Salisbury, May 31, 1839.

To Owners of Mills.

HE Subscriber has an improved patent Spindle for Mills by which a mill will do much better than with the usual form of Spindles. It is so constructed as to keep from heating or killing the meal in any manner. The runner is so confined by the Spindle as always to preserve its balance, and of course there is no rubbing of the stones.

I think, by this improved Spindle, the same water will do at least one-third more business, and the meal of superior quality.

Any person wishing to use one of these Spindles, may obtain one or more, by making application, (within a short time) to the Subscriber at Mocksville, Davidson Co. N. C. I think the probable cost will not exceed \$30 for the Patent and Spindle ready for use.

Col. Wm. F. Kelly and Thos. Foster, in the vicinity of Mocksville, have recently tried the improved Spindle, and are highly pleased with it.

L. M. GILBERT.
February 7, 1839.

THOMAS SANDFORD,
Commission and forwarding
MERCHANT,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

Refer to—
Messrs. E. L. & W. Winslow,
John Huske & Son,
Yarborough & Ray,
C. T. Haigh,
E. W. Wilkings,
C. J. Orrell,
Joseph Baker,
Curtis & Myrover,
June 21, 1839. 3m

Brick Masonry.

THE SUBSCRIBER living near Lexington, Davidson County, takes this method to inform the Public that he will enter into contract with any Person, or persons, either in Davidson, Rowan, or Cabarrus Counties, who wish houses, factories, or any other kind of buildings erected of Brick, to build them as cheap, as durable, and in as good style as any workman in this country.

He will also, mould and burn the Brick, if wanted.—He trusts that his long experience in MOULDING AND LAYING BRICK, will entitle him to a share of public patronage.

He would refer gentlemen wishing work done in his Line of Business, to the Female Academy and the new fire proof Clerk's office in Salisbury, as specimens of his work.

N. B. Those wishing work done, will please leave word at the office of the Western Carolinian, and it shall be punctually attended to.

Davidson, April 18, 1839. ROBERT COX.

The Heath Tract.

THE above TRACT of LAND advertised in another part of this paper, is still

FOR SALE.

and any one wishing to purchase can, by paying two or three hundred dollars down, have the chance to pay the balance on any reasonable time.

B. AUSTIN, Agent.
Salisbury, July 5, 1839.

Cress & Boger

HAVE on hand and offer for sale the following articles cheap for cash or on time to punctual dealers:
Fine vesting green, blue and black Cloths;
Satin vestings, figured, very handsome;
Black and drab Date for Summer wear;
6 pieces Kentucky Jeans; 100 doz. brown Domestic;
10 doz. Bed-Tickings; 2,000 lbs. Spun Cotton, S.F.
50 lbs. blue cotton Yarn; 50 lbs. Turkey Red;
15 kegs nails, assorted;
4 genuine mouse-hole Anvils;
2 smiths' Bellows;

1 doz. Collins' Axes; 19 finished Rifle barrels; 3 doz. Weaving Reels, Philadelphia make; Scotch and Macawee Fluff; 1 box best cavendish Tobacco; 19 or 20 Hot Anker Bolting Cloths, from No. 5 to 9; assortment of screen wire, &c.

Sugar, Coffee, Molasses, French and Champaign Brandy, Wines of different kinds; Holland Gin, &c., &c.
July 26, 1839.

Warrants for sale here.

To Travellers.

THE travelling community are respectfully informed, that the Subscriber is now running his line of stage from Raleigh by way of Salisbury and Andrews, in small Northern made Coaches of the first order; leaving Raleigh on Mondays and Thursdays at 10 A. M., arriving in Salisbury next days at 10 P. M. Leaving Salisbury on Tuesdays and Fridays at 2 A. M., arriving in Raleigh next days at 10 P. M.

His horses are good, and drivers particularly careful and accommodating.
JOEL McLEAN.
Feb. 12, 1839.
N. B. Seats secured at the Mansion Hotel.

NEW ESTABLISHMENT.

IN MOCKSVILLE, DAVIE COUNTY.

THOMAS FOSTER

INFORMS the public that he has removed from his former stand, to his new buildings on the public square, in the Town of Mocksville, where he will continue to keep a HOUSE OF ENTERTAINMENT.

His House is roomy and commodious; attached to which are six comfortable Offices for gentlemen of the Bar, all convenient to the Court House. The subscriber pledges himself to the most diligent exertions to give satisfaction to such as may call on him. His Table, Bar and Stables are provided in the best manner that the country will afford, and his servants are faithful and prompt.

Feb. 14, 1839. 74-u

NEW JEWELRY, &c.

JOHN C. PALMER, has another new supply of gold and silver

Lever Watches,
plain English and French, do. gold
Fob Chains and Keys, Breast Pins,
Finger Rings, silver Butter Knives,
Pencils, (patent and plain), Tooth
Picks, Fob Chains, Spectacles and

Thimbles, Steel and Gilt Fob Chains and Keys. Also, a very fine and large assortment of American pocket and pen-knives, by different Manufacturers, of other articles usually kept by Jewelers, all of which will be sold very low for cash, or on six months credit, after which time, interest will be charged.

Work done faithfully and punctually.
Salisbury, May 2, 1839.

DR. G. B. DOUGLAS.

HAVING located himself in Salisbury, respectfully tending his professional services to its citizens, and those of the surrounding country. His office is at the room formerly occupied by Dr. R. M. Bouchele, where he may be found at all times except when absent on professional duties.

Salisbury, May 2, 1839.

Heath Tract.

THE HEATH TRACT, containing six hundred Acres of Land, situated about six miles East of Lexington, Davidson Co. on the road leading from Lexington to Fayetteville is now offered for Sale.

There are about 100 acres improved, and 500 Wood and Timber.

HEALTHY REGION.

and is peculiarly adapted to farming. It has on it an Orchard, and a good Meadow. And independent of these advantages, the prospect for Gold, is unquestionable, as one or two

GOLD VEINS.

have already been opened, and some very rich ore extracted from them. The celebrated Conrad Gold Mine, is situated a few hundred yards south of it; and according to the opinion of the Veins of that Mine, they must necessarily pass through a part of this Tract.

Any person wishing to view the premises or purchase a minute description, will call on Ripley W. Heath, in Lexington, who will give the desired information; or any person wishing to contract for the same, will call on Dr. Austin, Salisbury; or address a Letter to the Subscriber, Trenton Post Office, Jones Co. N. C.